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STATE DOCUMENTS

JUL 18 1972

MP NEWS

VOLUME XIV

MAY-JUNE --- 1972

NUMBER IV



What is this World? What is Ours?

GOVERNOR



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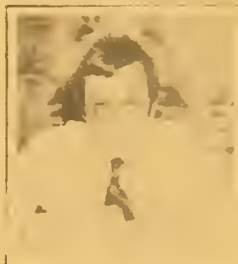
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MP NEWS

...COVER STORY



Standing on the threshold...of a dream...wondering...what is this world? What is ours? (Moody Blues)

A thought projected in pictorial.. form and revolving around the central theme of this issue of the MP News is the subject matter for this month's programming of journalistic (?) content.

With this notion in mind it opens wide the door of discussive possibility. The approach is neither unique nor time worn yet it does afford the opportunity to offer a few thoughts and impressions on the feeling and emotion involved in this very small but hardly insignificant world of ours....this world of.... Montana State Prison.

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The M.P. NEWS is published monthly by the men of Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge, Montana, with the permission of the Warden, Prison Administration and the Board of Institutions.

The purpose of this publication is to give inmates the opportunity for self expression; to provide a medium for discussion of public problems; to foster better understanding between inmates and the public; and to be constructively informative.

The M.P. NEWS does not, nor is it intended to reflect the view or opinions of the Board of Institutions or the Staff of Montana State Prison.

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59722

MP NEWS



MP NEWS

EDITORIAL

!!! GETTING IT TOGETHER !!!

One difficulty in putting together any penal publication is establishing a continuity of thought...and content.

In pondering this journalistic dilemma....and our discussion of a topic or theme for this issue of the M.P. News....the word 'unity' kept popping up.

A strange word really...in this world of alienation in which we find ourselves. Connotation and interpretation of the word itself is varied. A dictionary descriptiveness wasn't entirely helpful. Everyone (inmates, custody, administration alike) placed a slanted version of their own on it.

The word itself is an 'idea'. A notion with some meat to it. A thought worth thinking about.

With a polarization of attitudes between our little society in our little world and society in the larger sense....the idea of unity is all but lost in a melange of misinterpretation.

The 'you go your way'...'I'll go my way' attitude so prevalent within and without these walls....becomes petty to the point of fetishness. Somewhat ridiculous in view of the common problems and goals (whether we care to admit it or not) we all have.

The only difference is the individual approach to those problems.

This is not to say that there should be an air of submissiveness...or permissiveness of attitude and thought on the part of either inmate or (as an example) administration.

The common problems and goals mentioned before become obvious with the least bit of objective thought.

The easiest step into the pit of disillusionment....is walking away from any problem with a feeling of animosity...and the biggest cop-out.

Nobody can deny the uneasiness.... the difficulty...the diversity of approach to the problems we commonly share.

And share them we do.

Each of us...in our own way....at a time of our choosing (whether consciously or unconsciously)....can and will find that point of readiness or acceptance of fact...that moment of recognition....the awakening to a reality of common purpose.

The panacea of 'to hell with it'...'you go your way-I'll go mine' is hardly an answer.

There is no pat answer.

There is no tried and true formula for solving the problem (unique in view of our circumstance...made even more unique by the varied approach to its commonness).

There is however....that ability by each of us to think (with integrity)... however the means....and there are as many as there are individuals involved.

Observation....the individuality of thought...the recognition of values.... an affirmation or a sense of those values...the painstaking factors always involved in finally arriving at a realization of common cause. All the little things we know we must share...in electing that definite course we ultimately believe we must follow.

Unity.

Perhaps the key to that notion is the individual....his individuality....and that beautiful human process he possesses called reason.

It begins there.

Individually with individuality.... and then...collectively...

...this idea of unity...and...

...getting it all together.

Rande Braden
EDITOR

What about "Freedom of the Press" ?...?...?...

by
Warden CRIST

What should a prison newspaper be? What is a free press? What does the Warden expect a newspaper to be? What do the fellows who live at Montana State Prison want the newspaper to be. These are some of the questions that are asked about prison newspapers and, of course, there are many other questions. I have been asked to give my thoughts on the MP News and will attempt to do so in an honest, straight-forward manner.

The prison newspaper should be responsible. I am held responsible for what I say and what I do, and so should the people who put the paper together and the people who write articles for the paper. To say that people in prison are not going to be held responsible for what they say and do like all other people, is to imply that they are something less than other people and that nothing much can be expected of them. This is a position we cannot and should not take.

What about freedom of the press? If you mean by this that you should be able to write anything you want, there is no freedom of the press. For example, I wouldn't let the MP News print six full sheets of four letter words, but neither would the editors of newspapers on the outside allow their reporters to do this.

What about editing and censorship? I have talked to many reporters and they all tell me, "You should just see what the editor of my paper does to my stories with a red pencil." In short, there is no freedom of anything without responsibility. Therefore, the MP News should not print anything that discriminates against people on the basis of race, creed, or color. Name calling such as "bull", "screw", "head", "dumb", "meathead" or "big-o-line" have no place in the paper. Just as I would not allow a staff member to write a sarcastic article that was a personal attack on an inmate, I will not allow an inmate to write a personal attack on a staff member. Why? Because it is counter-productive; it solves nothing: it is immature and just produces hard feelings.

Is there a place for criticism in the MP News? Yes, I think there is. Criticism, however, should be constructive, not destructive if it is going to be worthwhile. Just as the inmates of this institution are not perfect, neither is the staff or the administration. When any of us criticize it should be positive, not negative, constructive, not destructive, responsible, not irresponsible, and if there are better ways of doing things, we should be prepared to state what they are.

What do the men who live at the Montana State Prison want a newspaper to be? They want it to be informative and interesting, and I believe they also want it to be constructive and responsible. This newspaper is seen by a lot of people both inside and outside the institution. The men at this institution do not want to convey to the general public the image of a bunch of irresponsible people who only know how to express themselves in a negative way. Last but not least, the men of the Montana State Prison do not want a newspaper that only tells them and everyone else that the Montana State Prison is wonderful, the administration is wonderful and that the only place to come to for a holiday vacation.

- 1 -

HAPPINESS is.....

SADNESS is.....

HAPPINESS IS: Doing what you like to do best.
SADNESS IS: It's usually illegal.....

HAPPINESS IS: Receiving brand new clothes.
SADNESS IS: You look just like everybody else in the yard.....

HAPPINESS IS: The return of all your laundry.
SADNESS IS: Finding size 36s when you sent 30s.....

HAPPINESS IS: Getting two sheets for your bed.
SADNESS IS: One has holes and the other doesn't fit at all.....

HAPPINESS IS: Going to early chow.
SADNESS IS: Finding out it's something you don't like.....

HAPPINESS IS: Biting into a big red apple.
SADNESS IS: Finding out it's wax.....

HAPPINESS IS: Falling asleep after three days of insomnia.
SADNESS IS: Getting up for count.....

HAPPINESS IS: Watching an outstanding movie.
SADNESS IS: The projector breaking down after the first reel..

HAPPINESS IS: An extra movie.
SADNESS IS: You've already seen it.....

HAPPINESS IS: Finally finding a good book at the library.
SADNESS IS: Finding the last page has been torn out.....

HAPPINESS IS: Getting a letter from your girl.
SADNESS IS: Finding it was written two months ago.....

HAPPINESS IS: Getting unexpected visitors.
SADNESS IS: They're from IRS.....

HAPPINESS IS: Jumping to the front of the line.
SADNESS IS: Finding out you're in the wrong line.....

HAPPINESS IS: Getting on the bus in Deer Lodge.
SADNESS IS: Having a flat tire on the way to Butte.....

MP NEWS

THIS WORLD OF OURS

The weather streaked sandstone blocks huddled together with the adhesive of ancient mortar.

The wall...in either direction.... stretching into a wavering infinity.

An anachronism...a throwback to a time inquisitional.

A medieval castle built with the stones of fear and ignorance.

The moat?

An intangible thread of righteousness.

And looking up...the tower....looming like a praying mantis, deadly in its still, lifeless, hovering stance. Poised stoically....its cycloptic eye offering an almost perceptible....knowing nod...of admittance.

One step into the arched, gaping mouth of this obscene monster becomes a predatory step in time. A step beyond time....a stagger into a neither world of despair and dehumanization.

A graceless exit from a sun-softened social existence...into...a grim, harsh dimness of raw fear....and the laughter of tears.

A step off the edge of reality into the insanity of a penitential twilight zone.

A transcendence from normality into the microcosm of the..wrenched-soul world of prison.

And within this steel-boweled testimonial to man's inhumanity...the faltering shuffle of homelessness....a donning of the mantle of anonymity.

A faceless number

The imprints of time...for all time.

The vacant-eyed stare of belittlement.

A hollow concrete chamber cluttered with the ghosts of a century.

A shrieking sound of buzzers, bells and clanging doors.

An empty movement of shuffling feet...in cadence to the conformity of control.

At sea and awash with the numbness of disbelief.

...a sterilization of the soul.

Standing on the threshold of a dream...wondering...what is this world?... what is ours?

A phrase apropos for the bewildered mind of the man incarcerated.

A question mark planted twistingly at the end of every thought...every notion of life...each query about his environment.

An emotion charged quandry about his own special little...world.

This miniscule involvement of life and the living dead....a catatonic existence...and journey into the social limbo of prison...our world.

An unwilling commitment to the folkways and mores on this sub-cultured orb of alienation...all within the sphere of a larger social failure.

An awareness....a recognition....a submission to the harsh fact of irrevocable change or return to that which was...or might have been.

That special instinct for survival within a framework of deceit, animosity hate and...bewilderment.

The conditioned attitude of contempt that becomes a guileful attempt at bravado...an aura of distrust, mistrust...discontent and malcontent.

In an arena of frustration....the constant skirmishes for mental survival.

A panorama of confusion offering little or no recognition of individuality.

The nothingness of drudgery.

An intense personal agony of being within...and without.

...a cipher...in a world of ciphers.

Non-thoughts go rattling along the empty corridors of a sterilized mind... and that 'nothing behind the eyes' stare of the automaton as he focuses his myopic minded irrelevancies on the bitter pill of despair he's been force fed.

With a hardening of the mental arteries....a catalytic-conditioned reflex of hate..bitterness congeals into cynicism.

...the arteriosclerosis of self-pity.

(.....continued on next page.)

It's an easy sliding step....a toe-stubbing stumble along the off ramp of self-nity that leads to an ego trip along the highway of despondency...with the billboards of disgust, dissention and despair flashing by in an unending line of preposterous disillusionment.

...along the road to nowhere.

In retrospect...an easier step still when we search for the sickness in the corners of our minds and find an affliction of circumstance, social negligence or conscience...a justice of vengeance that offers the victim...a one-way ticket across the moat of righteousness into the stoic gaze of that...cycloptic eye and through the mandible of a stone and steel mind-eating monster..into the maw of a special little world.

...this world of ours.

Awakening?

Maybe....just maybe...with this unwilling return to baser forms...an unwitting or perhaps...willful evolution, towards understanding, purpose, fulfillment of one's self... a humanity...too real to be acquired or recognized in the normal course of every-day living.. in a world...'outside'.

Speculative?

Certainly.

But...not a...non-thought of a pre-attling automaton. Introspective and self-evaluative...the conscience of one who's 'been there'...and lived it.

It's a possibility that lies within the realm of probability.

And why not?

After all...with the positive approach...the man who's been to the far side of the mountain or had to claw his way up from the bottom of the pile of human muck...grovel through the torment of soul-searching and simple survival.. that man...can assess a real value on life...and living.

A flicker of light at the end of a long corridor.

A simple goal that is...all.

Freedom.

It's there....it's always there.... and sometimes we have to flounder.... snarl and scratch...just a little....or maybe a lot....to bring into focus this notion of conformity, social acceptance ...life...living...humanity....survival in my world...your world...

...this world of ours.

by **PAUL J. ERLER**

OUR
Post
office
has
lost its
ZIP

WHOSE
DIRTY
BALLET
SLIPPERS
POLLUTED
SWAN
LAKE?

HELP renew a Citizen
.....hire a **PAROLEE**

A CREDO: FOR INTER-PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS

You and I are in a relationship, yet each of us is a separate person with his own words. I will try to be as accepting as I can of your behavior as you try to meet your needs. But I can be genuinely accepting of you only as long as your behavior does not interfere with my meeting my own needs.

When it does and I am feeling unaccepting of your behavior, I will tell you as openly and honestly as I can just how I feel, leaving it up to you whether you then will change your behavior. I encourage you to do the same with me when my behavior interferes with your meeting your needs. I will try then to listen accurately to your feelings and change my behavior if I can.

However, at those times when either of us cannot change, thus finding that a conflict of needs truly exists in our relationship, let us both commit ourselves to resolve each such conflict without resorting to the use of either any power or yours to win at the expense of the other losing.

I respect your needs, but I also must respect my own. Consequently, let us strive always to search for solutions to our inevitable conflicts that will be acceptable to both of us. In this way your needs will be met, but so will mine...no one will lose, both will win.

As a result, you can continue to develop through meeting your needs, but so can I. Thus, our relationship can always be a healthy one because it will be mutually satisfying. In this way, each of us can become what he is capable of being, and we both can continue to relate to each other in mutual respect, friendship, love, and peace.

Submitted by JOAN REBICH

HOW FAR DO PEOPLE . . . REASON?

by

A.F. CHARLO

Let us start this article with the words from the charter of "Philosophy" in one of Harvard Classics books on Lectures by Professor Ralph Barton Perry, page 125:

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Appollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

As in the two lines "How charming is divine philosophy/Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose" by John Milton, people often do surmise as such about beautiful philosophy. So as to show people how well philosophy can be used to convey correct thought concerning other people, we use philosophy when we ask: Is not this world full of people who get the wrong impression of other people? Usually the answer is yes, but, as I, people are still uncertain as whether to say yes from the lips or the heart. To know such a reaction from people is not easy to know what they want to believe. The following dialogue is just such an example:

The woman says to the man, "I hate the weather when it's too warm."

Quietly he says, "You mean, you hate it when it is too warm, not when the weather is warm."

"No," she nearly screams back, "I know what I mean...I hate the weather when it's too warm."

"Whether or not you hate the weather when it's too warm, you still hate the warmth," he says, being extremely reasonable.

"Whether or not I hate the weather when it's too warm doesn't mean a darn thing to me because what I mean is when the weather is too warm, either the weather or the warmth, I don't like it when it's too warm," the woman tries to explain calmly.

Once again the man tries to be reasonable and asks, "Would you hate the weather if it was not too cool and not too warm?"

"How could the weather offend me if it's not too cool nor too warm?" the... woman asks back.

The man only touches on the problem when he says, "Then the warmth is what you hate and not the weather!" and before he makes a wise statement he pauses, "... People intend to mean what they say but don't say what they mean."

"You're mean!" she says.

"Wait a minute," he says. "I only mean. . ."

"That's what I said," she yells at the man, "you're only mean."

The man regains his temper before he continues talking to the woman and tells her, "Let me quote to you from what Thomas Bailey Aldrich had to say about clear meaning. He said: 'It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it.'"

Before the woman comments on what the man quoted from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, she frowns for a few minutes in thought and finally says, "Boy! I thought you were mean, but your friend, Aldrich, is meaner and neither one of you will ever get a letter from me."

As the dialogue points out, people take not only the meaning of words for granted, but also the meaning of words they try to convey to others themselves.

Another example the way people are uncertain of what others talk about is that of a person who is a bit forward in trying to put his thoughts across to another person and Eastly steps in and says, to what is not really being said, "Look, buddy, don't you think you're taking this thing a little bit too seriously?" or "Look, buddy, aren't you carrying this thing a little bit too far?" Sure, whatever is being said between two people, may sound not right

(.....continued on next page)

to Eastly because he doesn't know all the facts. So after Eastly put his penny's worth into the conversation, in which he had no business, one of the conversationalists becomes "scared off" because he thinks something is surely evil going on.

Let us understand, as people, that all people are human beings and have some kind of thinking ability before we believe that their intentions are only bad; it should be only human nature to hear people out or let them carry out what they have in mind as long as no injury is intended to anyone else. In this way a person can feel like a person to another person...not like an animal.

Yes, understanding that people are people could apply to any action in life, such as stepping from friendliness to hate, friendship to lover's quarrel...take it as it applies to you and, in that way, your thoughts may change from foolish and half-hearted to mature, loving thoughts about other people and what kind of life they may live.

So then people can live together instead of, through misconceptions, invading each other's area because it seems a little greener, but always try to break away when the greener area proves not to be what they wanted or thought they wanted.

If anyone would read the first section of "Fascal's Thoughts" in Harvard Classics, page 9, he would find: "But in the intuitive mind the principles are found in common use, and are before the eyes of everybody. One has only to look, and no effort is necessary; it is only a question of good eyesight, but it must be good, for the principles are so subtle and numerous, that it is almost impossible but that some escape notice. Now the omission of one principle leads to error; thus one must have very clear sight to see all the principles, and in the next place an accurate mind not to draw false deductions from known principles."

The facts about getting to know principles through an intuitive mind are all clear in "Fascal's Thoughts" and indicate that most everyday principles are before people to know and to

see and "no effort is necessary," but not to know or to see one principle would lead to error and all principles belonging to same would be lost; also it is wise to draw correct deductions from "known principles."

Here, let us use an example from the principle of love as passion to inspire people to do more than they commonly... would do. So at this point we use a selection from Emerson's book, Essays.. Poems and Addresses, page 178: "Inspiration of passion expands the sentiment; it makes the clown gentle and gives the coward heart. Into the most pitiful and abject it will infuse a heart and courage to defy the world, so only it have the countenance of the beloved object. In giving him to another it still more gives him to himself. He is a new man, with new perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a religious solemnity of character and aims. He does not longer appertain to his family and society; he is somewhat; he is a person; he is a soul."

If people take truth as an everyday occurrence, then they do not make correct deductions from what simple, everyday principles they live with, and the above is not too easy to get at a first reading but is a good example of deduction using a given principle. To follow up, let us use a compound proposition, starting with if: "If it rains, the ground will become wet." Using the compound proposition, we make the deduction from the principle "If it rains," and we know from this fundamental belief that the ground will become wet. But what is really being said in the principle "If it rains" is that "if the day is cloudy with rain clouds, it will rain...if not cloudy with rain clouds, it will be a nice day."

So it goes, people tend to make a mistake in their deductions from everyday, known principles; their beliefs seem to grow from simple statements starting with if and take what follows for their truth. So let us take heart and try to draw deductions properly from everyday principles as the following well-known valid syllogism with its propositions:

(.....continued on next page)

First premise: A man is a person.

Second premise: Socrates is a person.

Therefore, Conclusion: Socrates is a man.

To illustrate further, let us suppose a third person is interested in the talk between two other people about a problem which seems impossible to solve. One says: "If the earth is made from matter which came from space, it means that earth is the debris left from an explosion of some other larger element." The other answers: "In science that is only a theory and can be proved only by scientific study." What is scientific study? It is the result of deducing from valid syllogisms.

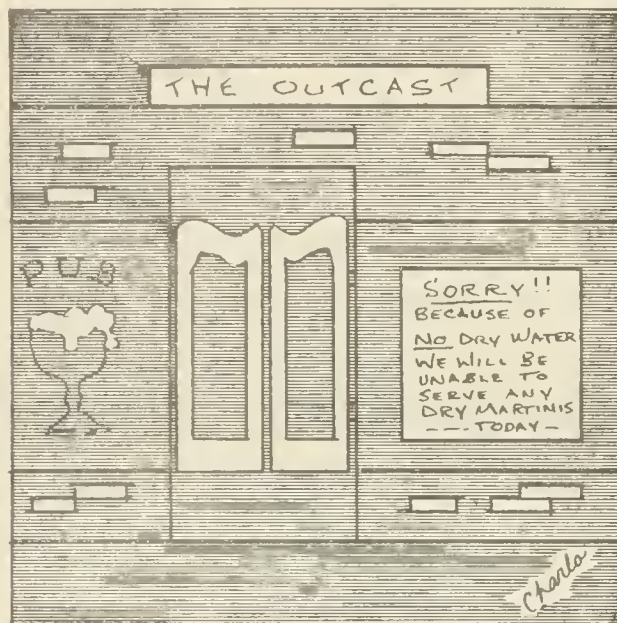
In any case of valid or invalid syllogisms, common people care less to reason from reasonable facts. One possible answer in their minds is good enough. The question about who is right or wrong leaves most people content after a certain answer is found because theyk again, do not care to inquire further. Is not this strange for modern minds?

Rather than leave people wondering about how far they do reason, an example for them to dig into will be used from the section called the Family Weekly of some newspapers. In a Sunday section of May 28, 1972, was a quiz by John E. Gibson and one of the true-and-false questions was: "Some people see you in a bad light simply because they attribute the bad qualities in their character to you."

It was answered true and an explanation given as: "This has been termed attributive projection, 'the ascribing of one's own motivations, feeling, and behavior to other persons.' People who are the most prone to do this have a strong need to conform to conventional behavior and a disinclination to acknowledge their own faults and shortcomings in a realistic light. Instead, they project them onto others, as if to say, 'Everybody else does these things, so even if I should do them sometimes myself, it makes me no worse than anybody else.' Some people become so adroit at kidding themselves in this de-

partment that they can contrive to make themselves feel quite superior. These are the people who give human nature a bad name."

-0-



YOU TELL HIM!

by AL DYON

From: Joliet-Stateville TIMES

How do you communicate in the lassitude of your middle years, when T.V. talked of a place called Vietnam and your head was filled with rushes from the pot and sreed? How do you explain how you walked through Gibson Park and saw this crazy bus and went home and painted your whole apartment psychedelic colors with thirteen different magic markers, then tried your luck on your girl friend's face and body until your girl friend left you because she couldn't remove the silly stuff from her skin? Of the spaced-out nights when you listened to Simon and Garfunkel, Bob Dylan, the Beatles, The Stones led Zeppelin, the Jefferson Airplane, & Jimmi Hendrix...and all the groups were new and their music was exactly what you felt?

How can you find words to explain this to him? The quiet steady cancer, that grew up all around you while you tripped away those frightful years? Of the morning you watched the sun come up from your bedroom window while the radio announced "The roll call of riot cities this morning" and went on to list twenty odd names? Of the way that Dr. King was killed on that motel terrace, and the way Bobby was shot down and how he was dragged to die in that obscene kitchen pantry. How nobody but their friends and the blacks ever missed them? Of the way a friend called at six in the morning to tell you she just leaped from a car at sixty miles an hour? How you didn't cry, but your stomach went cold, and six years later it still gets that way every time her name is mentioned?

How do you tell him of the way the bile rises up in your throat whenever they show the news clips of these last eight lousy years? Why would anyone want to tell him such a horror story? How will you teach him as he stumbles down the last levels of estrangement until he comes out at the bottom with his fists clenched and his face contorted behind the plastic shield of his crash helmet?

Watch him when he comes running down street four or five years from now, with the screams of all the oppressed, despised, and deprived...screams like those of "Che" in his throat! Then see if you have the guts to shoot him down before he smashes your car, your home, your court house or your face! It won't be like Kent State then. Try to tell him that Vietnam was just a bad mistake a miscalculation! That next time we'll try to pick an easier enemy, more willing to meet our demands, or a stronger government to support or defend!

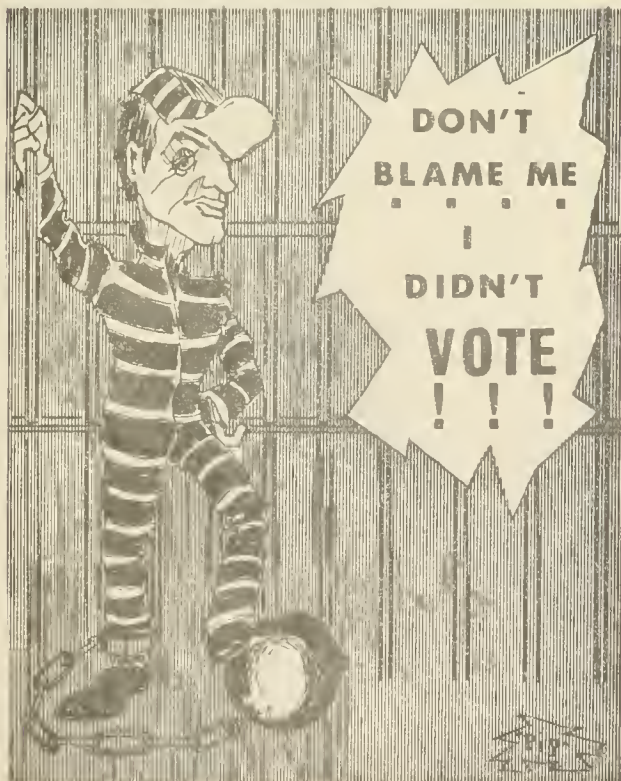
Tell him the cops are not really vicious, and the stories he hears of police assassinations and plain-clothes detectives posing as radicals are not just paranoia and wrinkled minds! Tell him that the phones aren't tapped and the government is responsive to the voice of the people! Tell him how America is trying to be better! How Powell, Learry, Rechenmacker and even Agnew are necessary evils and not really examples of our idea of a viable democracy! Tell him we really don't buy and sell each other! Tell him of the bright rosy future he and the country can expect!

You tell him this land isn't rotting under our feet! How the jokes about the dead fish, whales, sea life everywhere are giving up the struggle for survival and just dying! How rivers, lakes and oceans catch on fire, and other cynical wisecracks from some of our professional funny-men! How birds don't die breathing the air in which we raise our children, and the food we eat isn't soaked in formaldehydes and preservatives and the cigarette ads will be phased out entirely by 1972! You tell him what kind of a country we've managed to build; and when he turns away with hate and disgust in his face go get sick in some corner of your soul...for he is my brother. I don't have the heart to tell him. You tell him America!

(.....continued on next page)

At seventeen, the boy still believes that "Getting people together" will somehow redeem the sordid corpse our country has become. At seventeen, he still thinks his "Culture of Life" will overcome the culture of death. At seventeen he still thinks there is time left to end the war, free the political prisoners, legalize pot and ban the poisons from our land. At seventeen he still thinks the country is salvageable and so did I. So what purpose would be served by telling him it isn't?

So this is the way it is...hundreds of small towns and thousands in most big ones, are all clutching frail candles and praying for peace trying to forget the horror of tomorrow. All across the country most of the young and a few of the old are desperately trying to turn off the Death Machine. So many people, as yet unwilling to forsake their pasts, unable to live with the atrocities of the present, still uncertain which side they must join. We are ending these times in confusion and complexity. If you listen closely you can almost hear the rending sound of the country as it tears itself ...apart



TO HECK WITH IT ALL

To heck with it all

A turned-off person may say

I will have a ball

From yesterday, tomorrow and today.

I want to laugh, be happy

Not feeling blue, or sad

I want to live, be me

Be happy, forget I was ever mad.

To heck with that girl

Who made my life miserable

Like a loving, mad twirl;

Her kind is always forgiveable.

Freedom! what's that? I forget...

Oh! a game of life...

For dome, it's to regret;

Lost freedom, a happening rife.

To heck with it all

I can handle my sorrows

And get up from a fall;

I am me...

yesterdays, todays and tomorrows.

by -- A.F. Charlo



A WARNING

while;

maggots slithered into the decaying
visual cavity of society,
feasting on a mass of unproductive philosophies

no one foresaw;
the plight of the beast,
who could crack the bone
and suck the marrow of freedom

the beast conformity.

by **FRED PERRY**



JUNGLE JIM

King of the jungle of bars and stone
king of all the beasts: the dogs the snakes
the pigeons the reptiles

all domesticated and tame

running dogs of your imperialism

but what about the wolves the panthers

and all the myriad guerrillas

whose minds you'll never snare

nor silence the lofty leopard's arrogant cough

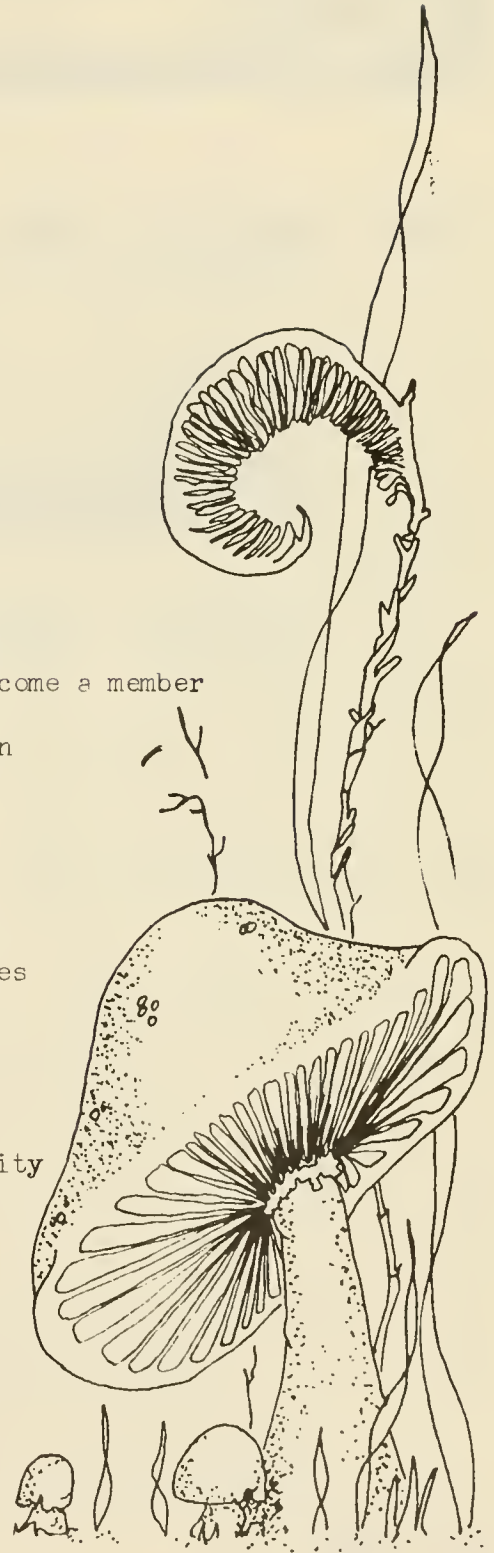


by **LUCKENBACH**

PAPER and ICE

the collage of life,
being built by mindless puppets
a scrap here,
a scrap there
taking no definite form,
but materializing
into grotesque demons of social pressure
dictating to all of its disciples
the laws of perform, think and feel
asserting crippling influence
in hopes,
that one will learn through unwarranted force
and become a member
of the video-tape recorded mass we call civilization
like ten thousand particles of prismic ice;
no two the same,
our minds
are fragmented by ice-pick theologies and philosophies
still
we must survive
in order that we fit the gilt-edged goblet of humanity
synthetic escape,
mental depression,
the first steps of suicide.

by **FRED PERRY**





THE WILLOW TREE

In my front yard
Aweering willow grows
It stands to remind me
Of a girl I knew long ago.

She was a dark haired lass
With soft and searching eyes
An ageless beauty
Of the rarest kind.

She seemed happy then
But in her eyes was a light so dim
The crowd loved her, but
Within her heart she needed a friend

She needed a friend
To help through troubled times
To be by her side
And always to be kind.

I called her my sister
And saw how her eyes glowed
But then I went away
And her quiet tears began to flow.

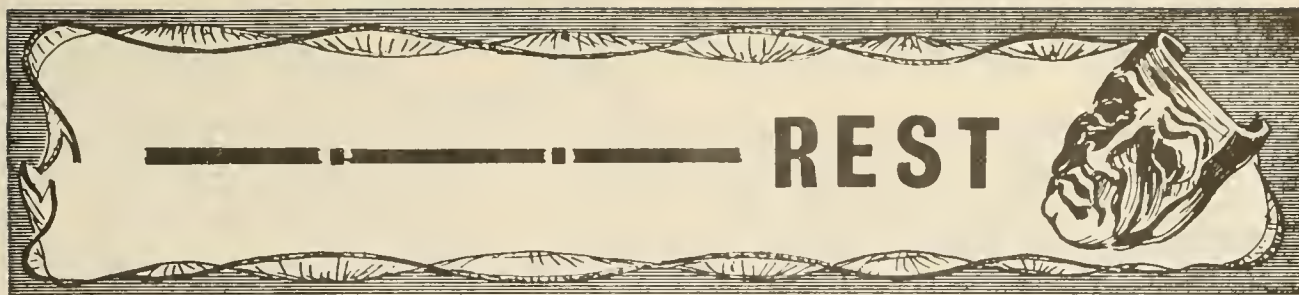
I could have stayed to help her
If it had been my way
But death's dark shadow
Waits for no man they say.

Bent and wrinkled with time
Is the old willow tree
But it shall forever stand, as
A monument to her memory.

She needed a friend
To help through troubled times
To be by her side
And always to be kind.

by **BRYAN L. MERCER**



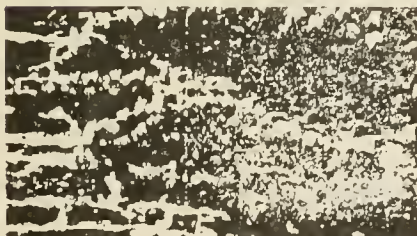


PRISON?

Truth has no meaning in a prison
Nor does honesty or trust.
You live the way of the prison;
Never knowing what's to come next.

But someday you'll be free
To make yourself a life.
But will you remember it all?
Or maybe you just can't forget!

by PERKINS



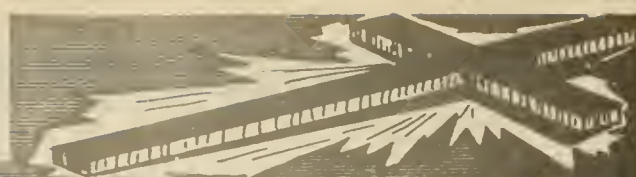
THE HOUSE OF PAIN

Unto the prison house of pain
None willingly repair,
The bravest who an entrance gain;
Reluctant linger there,
For pleasure, passing by that door,
Stays not to cheer the sight,
And sympathy but muffles sound,
And banishes the light.

Yet in the prison house of pain
Things full of beauty blow;
Like Christmas roses, which attain
Perfection amid the snow.
Love entering, in his mild warmth,
The darkest shadows melt,
And often, where the hush is deep,
The waft of wings is felt.

Ah, yes! The prison house of pain!
What lessons there are bought!
Lessons of sublimer strain,
Than any elsewhere taught;
Amid its loneliness and gloom,
Grave meanings grow more clear;
For to no earthly dwelling-place,
Seems God so strangely near.

UNKNOWN



CHAPLAINS CORNER

YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE

by
Chaplain "SKIP"

I was impressed with something I read about a sales supervisor who called in his salesmen to challenge them on their selling record. He told them of a certain king who called his wise men together and ordered them to gather all the wisdom of his kingdom and write it down.

After months the wisemen presented king with twelve volumes which expressed the wise truths and sayings of his kingdom. The king examined their work and agreed they had done well. "But", he said, "I want you to be more brief. I order you to restudy your work and boil it down into fewer words and space."

Months later the scholars came with a single volume in which they had carefully recorded the kernel of the wisdom of the kingdom. The king examined the work but again said, "I want you to let yourselves to expressing all these truths in still fewer words and less space."

Months later again, the scholars handed the king a small piece of paper. On it was written this brief sentence. "There ain't no free lunch". The king was pleased, thanked his wise men and agreed that this was what he wanted. That nothing is accomplished without effort was the greatest truth he had ever learned. It was the principle on which he would challenge every member of his kingdom to prove themselves and demonstrate their loyalty as citizens.

The moral of the story is most practical. If we want anything important, we must work for it. To wait for "luck" or a "break" in anything offers little prospect of our getting what we want. But

But if we rather work to gain something our efforts will pay off and in due time we will have earned and acquired what we desired.

Being confined to a correctional institution, how important that we face up to the truth that "there ain't no free lunch". Here as everywhere else, it is necessary to work to acquire that which is worthwhile and truly to our advantage. But if any is willing to apply himself to advantage, he will use his time to real advantage and self-improvement. Search out those opportunities in education and job training that suit your needs, find the one that's right and then...WORK AT IT!

Your Chaplain would appreciate a chance to visit with you on the principle he has endeavored to emphasize in these lines. Send him a kite and "let's talk it over".

A.O. SKIBSRUD...MSP Chaplain

NOTE: On Sunday May 21st, a group...of young men and women students at Montana State University at Bozeman, performed for the inmates of M.S.P. in Clark Theater.

"The New Genesis" is the groups...sobriquet and a new musical form is their way of approaching a communion and understanding with Christ. Using a "folk" form of musical communication the group offers a lyrical, almost conversational approach in their Gospel revelations.

The evening passed all too quickly as the groups effervescence and credibility caught their audience up in an enthusiastic warmth of understanding and hope.

About....THE NEW GENESIS

Groups like ours have sprung up across the nation in recent years for a variety of reasons: (1) The desire for a renewal of worship on the part of many; (2) the availability of a vast new reservoir of "folk hymns" and other religiously oriented folk-rock music that is designed for rhythm instruments rather than the pipe organ; (3) the influence of the whole "youth culture" and its music on the Church and society as a whole. For this is music that deeply appeals to youth... yet a music which also has much meaning for many persons of all ages. Because it arises out of the daily needs and aspirations of people in their relation to God it is appropriately called "folk."

The Church at its best is both a conservative and flexible institution. Certainly it does have many beliefs, rituals and practices which have stood well the test of time. This is a mark of any great institution. But living institutions are also flexible and open to new ideas. And in recent years much of the Church has brought its worship practices under hard scrutiny.

A major impetus toward this musical renewal has emerged out of Vatican II of the Roman Catholic Church. As a result of that conciliar milestone, the way was opened to the experimentation of "folk masses" and the like. And the effect of that on much of Ecumenical Protestantism as regards worship has been significant. Protestantism has begun to look at its own liturgies to see whether or not they are as free and unencumbered as had been thought. Much of the new music now used in protestant folk services comes from Catholic musical sources.

The Apostle Paul has said that we have the treasure of the Gospel "in earthen vessels." The Gospel is eternal while the vessels are not. Groups like the New Genesis, while hopefully being true to the best biblical theology, try to offer an alternative "vessel". We also try to show the campus where the group resides, that there is more going on with the Church and its worship than they had dared hope.

New music both from the pens of dedicated Christian composers as well as from the minds and hearts of perceptive "secular prophets": this is the music that the New Genesis and similar groups look for and use. We dedicate it to God whose servants we are trying to be.

THE MUSICIANS

Larry Anderson
John Baglien
Nanci Bain
Denise Brewer
Mark Brewer
Mickey Brunell
Kevin Caughlan (guitar)
Jaynee Grange (guitar)
Steve Dyce
Julie Goldberg
Dave Kinnard
Frank Mangels (banjo)
Marilyn Nation
Colleen Nelson

Charles Phillips
Ken Forter (drums)
Corlette Frowse
Bobbi Rice
Mary Rosholt (flute)
Patti Schuttler
John Shadoan
Pat Shadoan
Henry Shovic (lead guitar)
Diane Smith
Ray Stone (bass guitar)
Ken Tindall
Bob Thompson
Ralene Weiss

Jack Jennings DIRECTOR

MP NEWS

BAHAI

The Bahais of MSF have celebrated an important event of the faith on the 23 of May. Which was in commemoration of the Bais declaration of May 23, 1844 that he was indeed the "promised one" whom the people were awaiting, and that he was also a forerunner to one greater than himself who would be made manifest, referring to Baha'u'llah, the Supreme Manifestation for our era.

Their main purpose was to establish unity to the human race. If you will consider, this is not an easily accomplished matter, with all the racial, political, religious, and personal prejudices existing. But, through Divine Revelation of Laws, precepts and teachings it can be realized in its fullest capacity, if only they are adhered to by the populace.

In order to establish a real and lasting unity Baha'u'llah revealed twelve basic principles to follow. They are oneness of mankind, as all people live on this planet, breathe the same atmosphere, receive effulgence from the same sun, and are under the protection and guidance of the one true God; they are all of one human family.

The independent investigation at truth is what each and every individual must do in order to be able to discern truth from falsity. The unity of religion, which will be brought about when all peoples investigate this latest revelation with pure heart and unprejudiced mind and find their highest aspiration fulfilled in it. Religion and science must agree, because of all the false interpretations religions have gotten to a point that to accept them would be going against all reason. Religion must be the cause of unity, if it causes schisms and discord instead of harmony and concord it is better to not exist.

The equality of men and women as hu-

manity is like a bird, having man as one wing and woman as the other, they must both develop equally so that mankind may soar to great spiritual accomplishments. Spiritual solution of the economic problem, with no idle rich and no idle poor, as work has been raised to the station of worship all men must have a trade or profession, and sharing in the profits of industries and storehouses for lean years.

Universal education, it is incumbent upon the parents to educate their young, if they cannot afford it then the community takes on the responsibility. Universal language, which will be taught in the schools of every land along with the native tongue. Elimination of prejudice in any form. Universal peace, with a supreme tribunal which all nations and governments ratify, with set laws to follow, and if any one raises up to invade another all the nations will combine and annihilate that aggressive government. A universal house of justice to enact laws not dealt with in the explicit holy text of Baha'u'llah.

As before stated this is not an easy task, it will take time and effort to educate the peoples to the truth and then to put things into effect. There are many kinds of unity, such as unity of a certain race, unity of a nation, or unity of a political party, but these are not real and lasting unities.

The one real and lasting unity, the peoples of the earth need can only be attained when all the peoples investigate and recognize the fulfillment of their religious prophecies in the advent of Baha'u'llah and are drawn together in the goals, and involvement of mankind to both greater material and spiritual heights of civilization.

by **HARRY STROUP**

BOOK REVIEW

Sanders, Ed. THE FAMILY: the story of Charles Manson's dune buggy attack battalion. New York, Avon (1972)

This is an account of the notorious Manson "family", starting with a description of Charles's past and ending with the family's arrest and trial. Although this is not an attempt at scholarly writing, it represents a great deal of research on the part of the author.

THE FAMILY tries to explain some of the sociological and psychological factors which produced Manson and his followers. Although Manson had been a criminal since childhood and was a familiar face in the Federal prison system, the family's early history was innocent enough. In 1967 and 1968 its members traveled about California in a school bus, ala Ken Kesey. Sanders attributes their transformation from a bunch of perpetually high but relatively harmless freaks to a gang of psychopathic killers to what he calls "sleazo inputs."

These inputs were influences exerted by various Satanic and black magic cultists, ranging from intellectual followers of Aleister Crowley, the father of modern British Satanism, to various biker gangs who included black magic and devil worship as part of their activities. Although racism did not play a part in the Tate-LaBianca slayings, it assumed a major role in the Manson philosophy: Charles had a violent dislike of Blacks and was constantly preparing for an assault by his nemesis, the Black Panthers, whom he regarded as the spearhead of an attempt by Blacks to conquer the U.S.

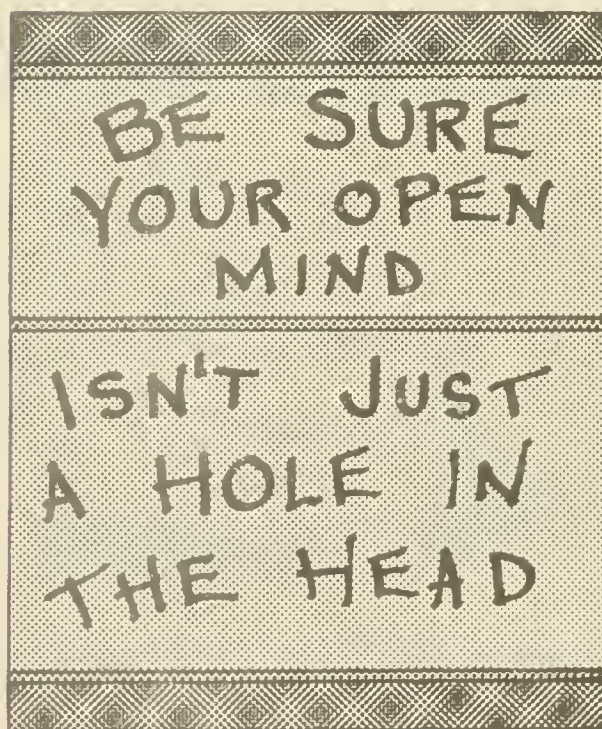
Sanders is not a psychologist and does not attempt to explain the strange power which Manson held over his followers. He sometimes succumbs to cheap sensationalism. However, his book is valuable as an expose of a particular type of viciousness and a search for its cause. It's in the library!

by JOHN MASON...MSP Librarian

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Pollution is very conscious today.
Man has caused it!
Man nourishes it!
Man can stop it!
Without man it would not be!
With it man will not be!
The correction of pollution starts within!
Inside each of us is a heart.
Let us use it for the bettering of mankind.
Voice your opinion.
Better yet, act upon it, but let us not be radical.
Let us be honest...truthful...sober.
If everyone worked toward peace with love instead of defiance, we would have it.
Each one of us has a mind.
But without food it is dead or at least very weak.
Your mouth can speak only what your heart and mind tells.
So feed them with love..truth..honesty
...and your mouth will know.

by R.P. BAKER



MSP EDUCATION

The M.F. News wishes to congratulate those who have successfully completed the General Educational Development during the past few months. These men are:

Those in January

1. Mike Dick
2. Ben Thede
3. Mike Helm
4. Harry Smith
5. Duncan McKenzie
6. Alton Rozzell

Those in March

1. Leslie Yother
2. Patrick Little Poy
3. Mike Martin

Those in April

1. Dave Pharr
2. Bill Kates
3. Bill Bowman

What is the GED?

You may prepare for it by attending Cottonwood Union School. There you will receive knowledge and instructions which will guarantee success in passing the required tests. The time element concerning this study depends on the individual but can be as little as merely a refresher course.

Once you have successfully completed the requirements, doors will open in regard to job procurement and higher educational opportunities.

If you are prepared to take the test, qualifications which must be met are: Take five tests, pass all five with a grade of 35 or more, or receive an average grade of 45 in all 5 tests.

If you are interested, it is your responsibility to make the proper contacts.

-0-

UNITY IN PRISON

I was approached by the co-editor of M.F. News to write an article using the word 'unity' as a theme. After some thought unity very much applies to prison life.

We, the inmates are individuals as I believe people everywhere are. We however are bonded together by a common thing, that being, that we are prisoners. We may be assigned to many different jobs while we are here, but we find that each of these jobs are for the good of the unit or if you will, for us. We are a unit in many ways, we eat food prepared by inmates, we wear clothing and sleep on sheets all which are taken care of by part of our unit. Even our plumbing, electrical and building needs are taken care of largely by our unit.

Another thought on this word 'unity' is that any one of our unit may, by his behavior, make life pleasant or unpleasant. Because in any unit or group, one individual can affect the whole. I think many inmates feel that this prison is run entirely by the Warden, Officers, Counselors etc. This however is not true. We the inmates, as the unit we are, can do good time or bad time. It's up to us.

So I believe that if each one of us use this word 'unity', perhaps our stay here will be at least more comfortable.

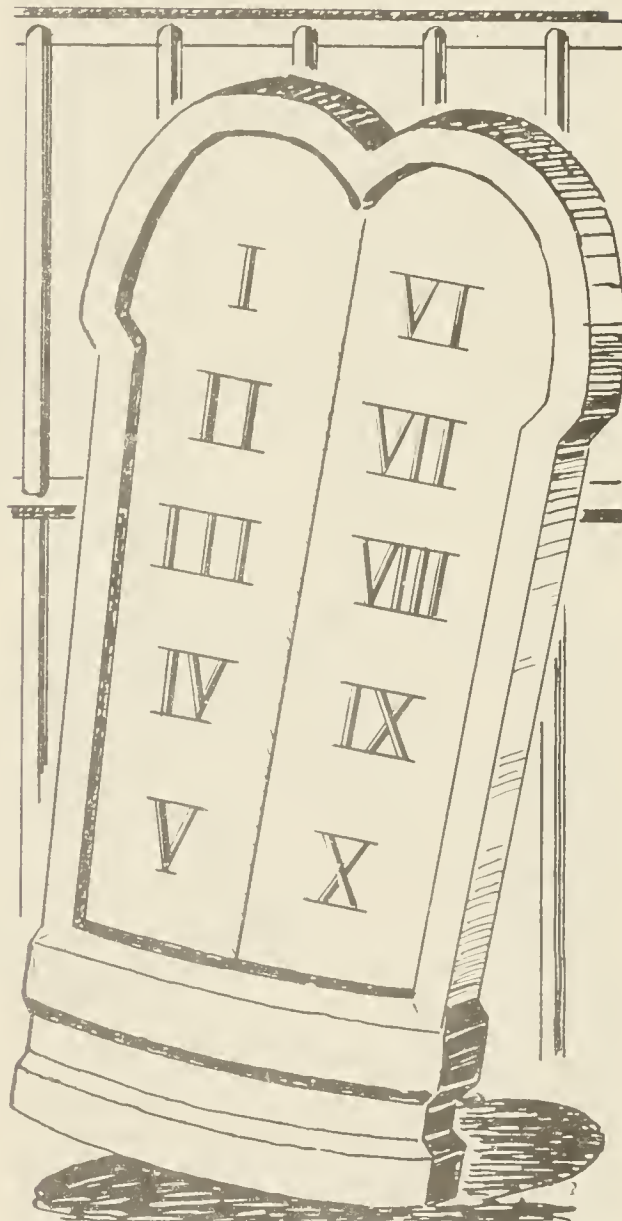
by DON HENSLEY

M F NEWS

THE PRISONER'S

COMMANDMENTS

1. THOU SHALT RESPECT THE RIGHTS OF THY FELLOW PRISONERS: GIVE UNTO-
THEM THE SAME CONSIDERATION THAT
THOU DESIRETH THYSELF.
2. HONOR THY RULES AND REGULATIONS,
LEST THY TIME BE LONG IN THE LAND
WHERE THY JUDGE SENT THEE.
3. THOU SHALT MIND THY OWN BUSINESS,
LEST THY BE SCARRED BY THE BLOWS
OF THY FELLOW MAN.
4. THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS
AGAINST THY NEIGHBOR, LEST THOU BE
BRANDED ALL THE DAYS THOU DWELLEST
HERE.
5. THOU SHALT NOT STEAL THY NEIGHBORS
WEED, NOR HIS PIPE NOR HIS BLANKET
...LEST THOU AWAKE AND FIND THY-
SELF MISSING THY FAIREST TEETH.
6. THOU SHALT NOT CRY "BUM RAP", LEST
THY FELLOW PRISONERS SHALL SHUN
THEE LIKE THE PLAGUE.
7. DO THY WORK WHICH IS ALLOTTED THEE
...LEST THOU FIND THYSELF AMONG
THE HUMBLE MEN OF LEISURE IN MAXI-
MUM SECURITY.
8. INCUR NOT THE WRATH OF THE POWERS
THAT BE, LEST THOU BE CAST INTO
THE DARKNESS OF THE HOLE.
9. HONOR THESE COMMANDMENTS AND RE-
FUSE THEM NOT, LEST THOU SUFFER
WHEN THOU APPEAREST BEFORE THE PA-
ROLE BOARD.
10. THOU SHALT.....OR ELSE



From the ... BRISTOL CRIER

TOASTMASTERS OPEN HOUSE

Sunday May 21, 1972...Montana State Prison, Deer Lodge.

The Mount Powell Toastmasters and Gavel Club held their annual Open House and speech contest in Clark Theater at M.S.P.

Members and their families along with guest speakers were treated to an afternoon of rhetoric, refreshments and the ever present gold-fellowship always present at functions of this nature.

Certificates of appreciation and achievement were presented to inmate members of the club and special awards were presented to the outstanding speakers of the contest.



As always...the Mount Powell Toastmasters and Gavel Club program offered the inspiration and incentive to inmates that some have spent and in front of many programs here at M.S.P.

Saturday May 27, 1972...Great Falls,... Montana.

A feature of the weekend Toastmaster Dist. 17 convention in Holiday Inn was the 147-pound cake baked and presented by members of the Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club at Montana State Prison, Deer Lodge. One of the six bakers who spent 30 hours making the cake, 1 1/2 feet by 3 feet is, George Kimble, inmate, president of Mount Powell Toastmasters (shown here).

The cake, made for the MTM program at the prison, required 15 pounds of frosting, 1,200 eggs, 215 pounds of flour, 20 gallons water, powder milk and 45 pounds butter.

Presenting the cake with Kimble was Billy Bernhardt, inmate, Education vice president of the Gavel Club, who with other inmates participated in a convention speech contest Saturday May 27th.

The remainder of the cake was given to the Montana State School of the Deaf and Blind in Great Falls.



MP NEWS

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO YOUTH.....AND WHY?

What is happening to modern youth? That is a question that not only parents, educators, policemen and judges are asking but also people who are simply interested in leading a calm and quiet life. That something serious is happening to modern youth is apparent from the reports appearing in the public press. Lawlessness among youths is increasing in viciousness as well as in extent. According to Look magazine, June 11, 1968, the most frequently arrested person in the U.S. is fifteen years old. The United States Attorney General, reported that young people between the ages of eleven and seventeen make up about 13 per cent of the population of the U.S., yet account for 50 per cent of all convictions for burglaries, larcenies and car thefts.

Here's something to think about. A leading New York child psychiatrist, Dr. Fredric Wertham, in his book A SIGN FOR CHAIN (1966), under the chapter heading "Tired of Home, Sick of School, and Bored with Life," reports on the great increase in vicious violence among youths, of which the following are representative:

1. A boy of eight years murdered a girl of four years after sexually abusing her.

2. A boy of thirteen raped a six-year old girl and then killed her with a large rock. When her almost nude body was found, its condition appalled veteran policemen.

3. A girl of ten years threw her seven-month old baby stepsister out of a window. She "didn't like the baby."

4. A boy of nine was shot and killed by a girl of fourteen because he had teased her brother.

5. A fourteen-year old student girl took a revolver out of her loose-leaf notebook and killed a sixteen-year old student.

6. A couple of teen-agers bashed in the front door...of a...family's home. They started drinking beer and then took the husband...and shot him in the back. Killed him. Then they took the wife and shot her in the stomach. She

tried to run, so they raped her. All took place in front of the couple's three kids.

7. A teenager who was arrested was described this way: "I'll never forget that kid. Thirteen-years old. He was the youngest member of the gang, but all the others were afraid of him and I can see why. He was just cold, hard; I couldn't get near him. I've talked to professional criminals who weren't that hard...He had 100 arrest cards, including one for rape." He was only thirteen.

A far younger criminal was mentioned in the New York Daily News, November 19, 1967. The lad was only six-years old, yet he was old enough to settle an argument with a seven-year old playmate by killing him with a 22-caliber rifle. Since Texas law makes no provision for dealing with six-year old murderers, Ward County Judge Ernest King released the lad in the custody of his parents.

Recent surveys show that half of crimes in the U.S. go unreported. Yet there are some who would have us believe that there is no more violence now than 100 years ago.

Youths are also giving concern to their elders by reason of their fling into promiscuity and drug addiction. Marijuana is spreading like wildfire... a recent study indicates that 50 per cent of high school students have experimented with marijuana, and perhaps as many as one-third of them are habitual users.

Here are some of the questions people are asking: "What is happening to modern youth? Why? What has gone wrong? Who is to blame?" Probably one could assume that some of the contributors are...Pop music, crime comic books, some motion pictures, and some television shows. In one week one American television showed 334 completed or attempted killings, and in one large city in one week 7,887 acts of violence and 1,087 threats of violence were shown.

(.....continued on next page)

We might not be able to help save young people from committing crimes today, but would be of great help to inform our own families what is going on in the world today.

Without a doubt the most vicious of all exploiters of youth are those who operate the drug traffic, because drugs not only corrupt the young minds but also destroy the whole body sometimes.

A U.S. News and World Report says that heroin, marijuana and other illicit drugs are pouring into the U.S. in a rising tide from every quarter of the globe.

Also the report says "Along with the increased use of drugs by the younger generation, the crime rate has grown rapidly among the same group. Street holdups and robberies of stores and homes are often motivated by the desire to get money to buy drugs."

When children turn out well they are a great blessing, a source of comfort and joy. But if they fail to turn out well? Then what? Then there is regret, grief, and shame. From this, parents have asked: "What did we do wrong? Have we failed our children, that turned out so badly".

No doubt the greedy commercial exploiters of youth...must share in the blame.

by **CLAUDE McINTOSH**

IT'S OK TO BE
BORN AN IDIOT
IF YOU DON'T
KEEP LOSING GROUND

THE TIME WILL COME

WHEN WE WILL SEE

WE ARE ONE

AND WE ARE ON

AND WITHOUT YOU



A MEMORY

Over there by that tree

Is where he used to walk with me

He told me how he loved me so

And that he didn't want to go.

But Uncle Sam had called his name

And thought he'd always be the same

But then I got this letter see

From the one who used to walk with me.

He said he wasn't the bravest man

But he would do the best he can

He said he felt as small as a tack

Because he was never coming back.

And that the way the letter goes

I really don't think that guy knows

He won't be coming home to me

To walk under that old familiar tree.

But now I guess my love is free

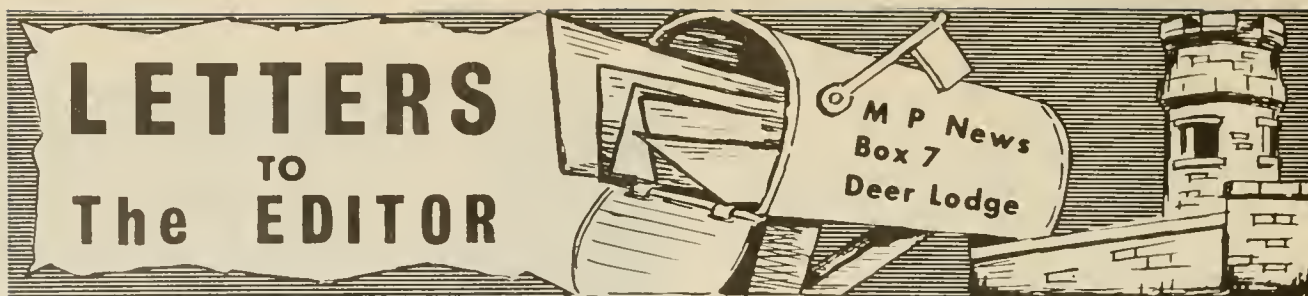
He doesn't have to fight for me

It's true the fighting did not cease

But now my love can rest in peace.

by DELORES RIVERS





Dear A.F. Charlo,

When I first heard our Luther League was asked to perform at the State Penitentiary, I was very excited. As the day came closer I became frightened. I wasn't sure if the people who we were to entertain would accept us. I wasn't sure what it would be like. At first I thought of people who would not like us and try to drive us away, but then I realized that they are just as much a human being as myself. So I felt they would be glad to have company and someone to brighten up their day. On the way to Deer Lodge I began worrying again and asked myself why we were going to the prison, and realized it was because God wanted us to.

Once I got inside the huge rock wall, I was amazed, but expected to see a lot of bars or gates.

When we arrived in the (MSP) school house I was happy that I had come and was very excited. I was amazed also about all the precautions they (officials) went to.

During our performance I was very nervous, but I always am anyhow. As we went through it, I was watching the expression on the men's faces. They all seemed to enjoy our performance and seemed to be glad that we had come. Afterwards everyone just mingled together naturally. I felt the men enjoyed having us just as much as we enjoyed being with them and talking with them.

Afterwards when we had left I had a good feeling inside me that I had really accomplished something. I was happy that I was able to go and wished that more people had the privilege as we did to be with them and share each other's feelings and opinions. I felt that I had made hasty generalizations of the men and realized that none of them were true.

I read through your article "How far do people reason?" and thought it was very interesting. I also found myself guilty of not reasoning.

God Bless

Love,

Lenora Hollinder

(Editor's Note: Miss Hollinder read one of the first drafts of the article "How far do people reason?" which appears in this issue.)

MP NEWS

LOVE

Love is the biggest word in the Bible, and I don't care how many words are longer, there is no other word as big.

Love is more things than your words or mine or anybody else's can describe.

Love is what it took for creation and if you can look at the mountains or the trees or the ocean or the rivers or the gurgling little streams or the barren flat prairies or just about any part of the earth without reflecting on the almightiness of a loving God it took to do all that, then you are not much of a reflector.

Love is what was involved in the creation of mankind too, and although mankind has fallen a long ways short of being either loving or lovable lots of times, there is ability to love in everyone no matter how mean or lowdown he might be, because as sure as there is God's breath in a body there is God's love.



LOVE IS A LOT OF THINGS

Love is what made the people of Israel understand that there was only one God and what kept them coming back to him no matter how much they wandered off into the wilderness of their own making, even as you and I.

Love is what Jesus Christ was, and is, and why he lived, and why He died, and why He rose again from the dead when his enemies thought they had him done for.

Love is what you may call the Holy Spirit when there is something burning inside you that makes you glad and restless and troubled and peaceful and maybe even all at the same time

Love is a good word, and it oughtn't be cheapened by vile using like in some cheap novels, because human love, real, true, through thick-and-thin, honest-to-God love one human for another is somehow him to God's love and there is nothing cheap about that.



Submitted by: APRIL STRICKNEY



DESIDERATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. [] Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. [] Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. [] Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. [] Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. [] You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. [] Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. [] With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

FOUND IN OLD SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE: DATED...1692

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There is a principle which is a bar against all information, which is proof against all arguments, and which cannot fail to keep a man in everlasting ignorance. That principle is contempt prior to investigation.

...Herbert Spencer

...Most people who call themselves "truth seekers"...persons who scurry about chattering about Truth as though it were a tangible separable thing, like houses or salt or bread...do not so much desire to find Truth as to cure their mental itch...there is no Truth but only many truths; Truth is not a colored bird to be chased among the rocks and captured by its tail, but a skeptical attitude towards life.

...Sinclair Lewis from ARROWSMITH

Every man has three characters...that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

...unknown

Those who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

...unknown

Contemplation is an inward gaze into the depths of the soul.

...Hans Urs Von Balthasar

Experience keeps a dear school, yet fools will learn in no other.

...Franklin

Remember always, he who loves is forever loved, He who does not love will never be loved.

...Baron

There is not enough love in this world to squander on anything but human beings

...Scheeler

We are all exceptional cases. We all want to appeal against something. Each of us insists on being innocent at all cost, even if he has to accuse the whole human race and heaven itself.

...Albert Camus THE FALL

Standing on the threshold of a dream...wondering...what is this world....what is ours?

...Moody Blues



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MP NEWS

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
PERMIT NO. 3
Deer Lodge, Montana
59722

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